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VOL. 6. NO. 147.

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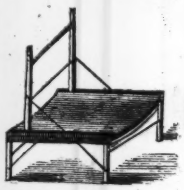

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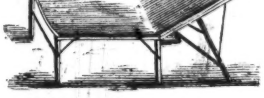

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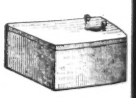

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THE AMERICAN WATERLOO.

By McArone, with permission of M. Victor Hugo.

Greeley was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder.

But he couldn't find a thunderbolt.

He ordered his Abolition cuirassiers out, to crush the Rebellion.

They were nine hundred thousand. They formed a mathematical line, having length but neither breadth nor thickness. They were imaginary men on traditionary horses. . . . They wore nothing, without plumes, no cuirasses of wrought or other iron, and no sabre-swords. In the morning they had been the admiration of the whole *Tribune* office, when, with a flourish of trumpets, they appeared in a heavy column, all written by Greeley.

Aide-de-camp Stanton brought in Abe Lincoln's proclamation, and the enormous squadrons began to move.

Then was seen a fearful sight.

All these Abolitionists left the column by division and subtraction, and descended as one man, or less, with the preicision of a bronze-plated battering-ram, the hill on which Printing-House Square now stands; then, rising from this valley of warehouses, reäppeared, serious, menacing, imperturbable and bilious. From a distance, they would have been taken for an immense column of ciphers, to be added up, stretching themselves in the direction of the *Herald* office.

That ran through Nassau street like a prodigy.

It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, this product of a single weak mind. It was one pell-mell of billingsgate, cries, blackguardism. A furious bounding of editors among hard words, and the flourish of grammar; a terrible, undisciplined tumult. Over all, the dollars, like the scales of a hydra.

These recitals appear to belong to another age.* Something like this vision appeared, doubtless, in the old Orphic epics which tell of antique hippocrocodiles in Kentucky, "half horse, half alligator;" politicians with human faces, and chests full of bowie-knives; horrible, invulnerable, sublime; at once statesmen and beasts.

Behind the desks of the *Herald* office, the pro-slavery columns, formed in thirteen squares of ten lines each, at ten cents a line, waited calm, silent, immovable. They heard the increasing sound of nine hundred thousand men; a subdued roar . . . a sort of Roar on the Half-shell . . . from the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence; then a long line of dirty hands, braudishing pens, appeared above the desks, and nine hundred thousand phantasmic faces, crying, "Onward to Richmond!"

It was like the beginning of a newspaper controversy.

All at once, tragic to relate, the head of the column of Abolition ciphers reared with frightful clamor. They saw, between them and credence, a ditch, a grave. It was the common-sense of the People! The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second. There was no power to retreat. The whole column was but a project. The force acquired to crush the pro-slavery men crushed the Abolitionists. The inexorable parties would not yield; editors and reporters rushed in together, writing each other down, making dreadful onslaught over this awful gull, and when their space was full, passing over to kindred topics.

Here, the loss of circulation began.

A local tradition, which hardly exaggerates, says that two thousand *Tribunes* and fifteen hundred *Heralds* fell off at once. Greeley, before marshalling this imaginary host, had carefully examined the ground, but had seen no chance for the testing of his statement. Warned, however, he had asked his guide, Stanton, if a proclamation of emancipation would be issued. The guide had answered "No." It may be said that from this shake of a lawyer's head—and no great shakes, either—came the catastrophe of Greeley. . . .

There are moments in journalism when the soul hardens a man even to changing an editor into a chattel, and all his thoughts become salable. The *Herald* battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch.

Then it was frightful.

All planks of the *Herald* platform were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them. Hence, a monstrosity of language, never, perhaps, seen elsewhere. The statements, consumed by this furious invective, were repeated without wavering. Inexhaustible in slang, the editors kept up an explosion in the midst of their assailants. It was a monstrous fight. These writers were gentlemen no longer; they were fishwomen. These articles were editorials no longer; they were abuse. Each paragraph was a tea-pot attacked by a tempest; the pot fought with the kettle.

The articles on the fourth page, the most exposed of all, being editorial, were almost annihilated. The proprietor, in the centre, while the work of extermination was going on, profoundly alive to all about him, casting down his oblique eye, full of the shadows of Washington Heights and Plum Gut, seated upon a stool, his bagpipe under his arm, was playing his mountain airs. Other Scotchmen in the office wrote, thinking of Ben Lothian, and Ben Wood, as the Greeks did, remembering Vinegar Hill and '48.

Suddenly, the assailing *Tribune* found the *Herald* in advance of it. It had Lincoln's reply to the delegates, showing his want of confidence in the proclamation. The vegetarian philosophers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by facts and fictions, had to face in all directions. Their valor, however, was unspeakable.

With such Republicans, only such Democrats could cope.

The rest is known. The *Tribune's* nose was out of joint, and the *Herald* more furiously offensive. Greeley, feeling that he was going to his political death, cried out, "God bless Abraham Lincoln." There is nothing more touching in history than this death-agony bursting forth in acclamation. Not a writer flinched from the political suicide.

Gay, desperate, great, in all the grandeur of accepted defeat, bared himself to every blow in this tempest. He had his stock-operations killed before his sight. Reeking with sweat, fire in his eyes, tobacco upon his lips, his shirt-front unbuttoned, one of his thumbs daubed with ink, his wristband snipped by his scissors, dusty, covered with mud magnificent, a broken pen in his hand, he said: "Come and see how an Editor of the *Tribune* writes upon the topics of the day!" But in vain; he did not write. He was haggard and exasperated. He flung this question at Solon Robinson: "What? you are not going to dine!" He cried out, in the midst of all this billingsgate that was silencing his handful of assistants: "Oh! I would that all these sharp things had been published in my paper!" Unhappy man! thou wast reserved for Vanity Fair! . . .

Out of respect to the sane reader, the finest editorial, perhaps, that an Abolitionist ever wrote, cannot be reprinted here. We are prohibited from embalming a sublimity in nonpareil type.

At our own risk and peril, we will not violate that prohibition.

But among these giants, there was, then, one Titan. To write that article, and then to die, what could have been more grand, or more satisfactory to all parties?

The man who won the American Waterloo was not Greeley, put to rout; nor Bennett, giving way early in the fight, desperate later; nor Solon Robinson, who did not write; the man who won the battle was the writer of that editorial, I don't know his other name.

To fulminate such words at the thunderbolt that kills you, is victory.

To make this answer to disaster, to say this to destiny, to change your base like a roaring lion, to fling down this reply at the reign of the previous platform, at the treacherous prophecy of enthusiasm, at the sunken passage of Plum Gut, at the delay of Seward, at the arrival of emancipation, to be ironical in italics, to act as if you had heard some good news, when you have fallen, to close Waterloo insolently by a Fourth-of-July squib, to complete Greeley by Stephen H. Branch, to lose the field and to preserve cheek, after the controversy to have the laugh on your side, is immense.

It is an insult to the thunderbolt. That attains the grandeur of Professor Morse.

The soul of great days entered into this unknown man at the moment of defeat. He found the words of Waterloo as Bennett found the words "Poor Pierce" and "Little Villain," through a superior inspiration. An effluence from the divine afflatus detaches itself and passes over these men, and they tremble, and the one sticks on the supreme nicknames and the other utters the terrible editorial, not merely to the *Herald*, in the name of the *Tribune;* that would be but little; he throws it down to the Democrats, in the name of the Abolitionists. It is heard, and men recognize in it the old soul of Garrison. It seems as if it were a speech of Wendell Phillips, or a roar of Beecher.

To this article, the *Herald* replied: "Radical Disunion Abolitionists! See your own words of last year!"

The editorial page flamed; the desks trembled; from all those clanking presses went forth a final vomiting of damp papers, terrific; a vast steam, dusky white in the light of the street-lamps, rolled out of the basement gratings, and when the cloud dissipated, there was no *Tribune* left. That formidable journal was annihilated. Hardly could a quivering be distinguished here and there among its editors; and thus the Abolition writers, grander than the Secession writers of last summer, expired at Printing-House Square, on the ground soaked with ink and tobacco-juice, at the spot past which, now, every day, whistling and gaily whipping up their horses, the city car-drivers pass, who take passengers to Yorkville.

* We think so, too.—Eds. Vanity Fair.

Great demand for "Les Miserables."
More men wanted for the Rebel army.

Popular Dances for 1862.

Squad-drilles.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

Until recently, Mr. Printer, I have looked upon the piano as an ingenious sort of cage, maliciously contrived by some malefacturer for the purpose of tantalizing the lovers of music by keeping its notes under lock and key, and allowing them to be heard only as they grate upon the ear through impassable iron bars. In this respect it has always been as disagreeable to my sight as the bird-cage in which Mrs. PYPS (who, having no children, is fond of pets) keeps a pair of unhappy canaries, who have been clamoring this ten years for their liberty, while my good lady persists in calling their clamor by the sweet name of song.

And as the longer I live the more conceited I find it to arrogate to one's self any particular experience or observation, I presume that the same idea has occurred to most of my readers. I do not wonder, therefore, that Mr. THALBERG expressed surprise that people should take pleasure in attending his concerts, and that he finally took Monsieur VIEUXTEMPS along with him, in order that the broken and spasmodic utterances of the piano (keeping promise neither to the ear nor the hope) should in some measure be compensated for by the linked sweetness long drawn out of the violin.

And yet the poor encaged notes have had few turnkeys so liberal as Mr. THALBERG, and none more disposed, had he but possessed the requisite courage, to extend to them the largest possible liberty. For, after all, Mr. Printer, these turnkeys or jailors have no little discretion left to them, and when they have the courage as well as the disposition to make a wise use of it, it makes a great difference to all concerned.

Now, Mrs. PYPS, who is in some respects a most kind-hearted and courageous woman, keeps such watch and ward over her poor little jail-birds that they never sing, except, as it were, within an inch of their life, and their melancholy and discordant notes are as painful to listen to as the notes from a boarding-house piano with all the modern improvements.

On the other hand, our over-the-way neighbor, Mrs. MEYER, who has six children, and keeps birds, therefore, not as pets, (how I hate the name, except when applied to myself!) but for the fun of the thing, has three or four cages hanging out on her piazza, from which, from morning to night, come strains of music only less sweet than those we hear in the woods and forests.

Well, the other evening, Mr. Printer, having been tempted by the joint influence of milliners at home and a rain-storm out doors, to attend one of the Irving Hall concerts, I was delighted to find the same difference between the music from the piano with Mr. GOTTSCHALK as Master of the Keys and that from the same source under any other direction, as between the music of Mrs. MEYER'S birds and that (Heaven forgive me, for she never will!) of Mrs. PYPS'S.

I remember having had a similar feeling, although not so intense, when I attended the first THALBERG concert.

Not to run my simile into the ground, both Mr. GOTTSCHALK and Mr. THALBERG seem to me to act toward the piano as if it had been used hitherto only as a grim cage for the confinement of certain rude and refractory notes, which they were resolved (like a couple of musical GARIBALDIS) to liberate, or die.

It is true that neither of them has fully succeeded as yet, and I am by no means certain that the cause they have so bravely espoused will ever triumph, until it is taken in hand by President LINCOLN and put through by Proclamation.

Meanwhile, as long as the voice of the key-board is heard in the land, I trust that we shall all hearken to its cry, and let up no jot nor tittle of our interest until liberty is proclaimed through all the pianos of the earth, and to all the melodies thereof.

And now, Mr. Printer, as there is no other topic calling for special treatment at this time, I do not know that I could find a better reason for drawing my lucubrations to a close.

Next week I shall have something to offer concerning the novelties at WALLACK'S and LAURA KEENE'S.

In regard to NIBLO'S and the Winter Garden, the former continues to treat the public with a delicious 'alf-and-'alf of tragedy and comedy, while the latter, although confining itself at present to heavy tragedy, will probably have to compromise before the BOOTH season is over by giving us a little melo-drama.

PYPS.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

By the banks of the blue POTOMAC, Oct. 9nd.

DEAREST VANITY:—Hurrah!

....All goes well.

I have not yet breakfasted, but since I arose, I have taken three towns and twelve gin cocktails.

Though I say it....and who's got a better right?....the whole credit of this campaign belongs to two men.

One is I. ...

T'other isn't. Never you mind who he is.

The first letter of his name is Honest Old ABE MCCLELLAN.

Me, too.

We live in an age, dear VANITY, of progression. Of revolution.

The South has assumed a warlike attitude; that is undeniable.

To crush the Rebellion, then, will require all the efforts of true Americans.

"Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

[MICHAEL CORCORAN.]

I don't care for the Abolitionists. Let JEFF GREELEY and his myrmidons do their worst. What carest I? Five Yankees can lick one Rebel, any day.

I am, at present, in a state of great moral excitement. Excuse me.

As I have said, I took twelve towns and three gin-cocktails before breakfast. . . .

Maybe more.

The Backbone of the Rebellion has been broken so often, that the Rebels have had to advance, lately, in a vertebral column.

But that's nothing. You're all right.

Yet I would advise you not to allow your editors and contributors to get in the way of drinking too much. Excuse me.

A very fine old gentleman — a personal friend of STEPHEN A. BUCHANAN—once requested me "not to adopt the bane of literary men and drink gin." He didn't tell me what to drink.

I followed his advice. See what I am!

MCCLELLAN has just been with me. We took a gin cocktail with each other. He is disgustingly sober this morning. . .

But then, he always is.

He says he owes his present popularity mainly to the Brooklyn *City News*.

It is a pretty good newspaper. I can't understand many of its articles, though. Still, I don't doubt its ability; and it has a large advertising business. There was an article on Terms of Subscription in it, lately, that betrayed genius.

But the history of genius is the history of intoxication. . .

Nobody knows that, better than I.

There has been some fighting, this morning, I believe. I remember sticking a man, somewhere near here. I don't know his name. Then I confisticated some whi-key. He was one of old Stonewall DAVIS'S soldiers. After that, I took three towns. I left him under a tree, cause a boy told me the rebels was coming. I guess I don't remember the particulars. Excuse me.

He was about six feet tall, and had on, when missing, a Rebel uniform, brass-mounted. He was, I should say, a kind of an officer. Maybe a Corporal. Or a General. He died easy.

It is by deeds like those, dear VANITY, that we can take three towns before breakfast. There is nothing like a gentle tonic stimulant, acting upon an untrammeled soul. I have a soul that can stand a great deal of gentle tonic stimulant.

Hence my deeds.

I love my country, and respect its rulers, including Secretary LINCOLN and HANNIBAL STANTON. That's what I am.

Owing to circumstances over which I don't seem to have much of any control, just now, I shall close. Did you ever see a Boiled Owl?

Yours, without end,

MCARONE.

"I WOULD I were a Buoy again," as the old cask said when they were tarring it preparatory to pitching it into the bonfire.

PATRIOTISM OF THE BOSTON LADIES.

Drugging the Enemy.

We learn that several druggists of Memphis have been sent to the penitentiary by General Sherman, for "smuggling drugs into the enemy's lines." Of course the General had a good general idea as to the nature of the contraband drugs in question. Black Draught could hardly have been on the list, we should think, although, in one sense, contraband. Salts might justly have been taken exception to, because the rebels are known to be hard up for salt; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that General Sherman had better have left the druggists alone, to carry out their work of devastation. They generally make pretty sure work of it, these druggists—they do.

Philology at Fault.

We have lately noticed in some modern books a revival of the old-fashioned exclamation, "lack-a-daisy!" and its derived adjective, "lackadaisical," sometimes used to express the idea of languor or indifference. It seems absurd to suppose that such a frame of mind could be induced by the absence of a simple flower like the daisy; on which account we protest against a revival of the words in question, and hope writers will substitute "lack-a-dollar" and "lackadollarous," instead—the allusion contained in which will be obvious to the meanest capacity.

Postponement.

The "latter-day saints" are dreadfully disappointed at the postponement of the Millennium, which has been put off, *sine die*, because the Lion, hearing that the small-pox is raging among the sheep in England, positively objects to lying down with the Lamb.

SONG OF A SOILED POSTAGE-STAMP.

I'm a Post-Office stamp,
Cursed by city and camp;
Dirty, greasy and damp
As the shirt of a "tramp;"
Sticking fast as the clamp
To the wrist of a scamp;
Frayed and knotty and cramp,
Past all skill to revamp,
I make men catawamp-
Ous, in city and camp.

I'm a Government patch—
One of Blair's gummy batch;
I'm a humbug, a catch,
Without rival or match;
Hardly fit to attach
Plaster-wise to a scratch,
Put me not under latch,
For no robber will snatch—
While there's coin, plate, or watch—
At a Post-Office patch.

I'm a vile P. O. dab,
Soiled and ragged and slab
As the skirts of a drab;
Not worth stooping to nab,
A mere currency tab;
Who that knows a b ab,
Or a clam from a crab,
Would his hand ope to grab
Such a filth-catching swab,
As a Post-Office dab?

A JOKE EXPLAINED.

Need we say that the President is a wag? The mirth-moving tales of which his head is full, and the dogged persistency with which he retails them, regardless of the flying buttons and purpling faces of the laughing philosophers by whom he is surrounded, are among the few jolly and refreshing things which serve to give a jocular and comic turn to the present bloody and terrible war. Sometimes there is a hidden meaning in his humor, which is *caviare* to the General—as, for instance, when he said to General Sykes, referring to the Fifth New-York Zouaves, that there was "no such thing as beating them even round a stump." The *Herald* reporter quotes this remarkable expression, but furnishes no key to its occult signification. Permit us, whose province it is to sift the grain of wit from the "chaff" of the day, to pluck the heart out of the mystery. The boys of the Fighting Fifth, it seems, are fond of solacing such leisure moments as they can snatch from their military labors, with a turn at "Old Sledge," a game in which they are believed to be unrivalled. Stumps are often the only tables to be found in the sylvan bivouac, and around these primitive pieces of furniture they may occasionally be seen squatting in groups of four each, betting their piles on all fours. The President, having been informed of their proficiency in this absorbing pastime, no doubt intended to pay a compliment to their skill in remarking that there "was no such thing as beating them *even*, round a stump." It was neatly said, and we are not surprised that the Fighting Fifth should show their appreciation of the joke by cheering the perpetrator.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.

We have seldom encountered anything more like a regular stopper than the following, taken from an English paper:

"A large landed proprietor in Nenagh, Ireland, having received a threatening notice, has made a will evicting all his tenants if he is assassinated, and converting the estate into a sheep-walk."

The only danger that can now menace the "large landed proprietor" in question, is that arising from the well-known wily character of the sheep. He may yet be run into and foundered by some far-seeing ram, to whom the glowing future of elysian sheep-walks for his progeny and their posterity for ever may prove an inducement to slay the "large landed proprietor." Certainly, the L. L. P. is no longer liable to be made a target of by his tenants, but that will not prevent him from becoming a butt for their sheep.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NATIONAL BREAKFAST-TABLE.

Massa Horace.—"Boohoo! Boohoo! I won't have no McClellan mug!—Bring me my Fremont mug! Boohoo!"

"Glass to put in!"

Somebody has suggested, or contrived, an ingenious plan for keeping the sacred postage-stamp from becoming soiled during its employment as filthy lucre. The plan is a simple one—being neither more nor less than to frame and glaze each stamp, separately. Elegant passe-partouts for blue stamps can be had at the low rate of ten cents each. They are more economical than nothing, because if you have nothing upon your postage-stamp it speedily becomes so defaced as to be worthless.

Mollusks on the Bivalve.

English papers by the *Persia* have accounts of the trials of the new Whitworth shell, at Shoeburyness. This shell weighs 131 pounds; and we understand that the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* has ordered a half one to be sent out to him, as a tray upon which to serve up his 900,000 men. This is a good Trait in Mr. Greeley's character: 900,000 men of straw on a half Whitworth shell will be a dainty dish, indeed.

A Novelty in Art.

Mr. Barnum has just added to the effigy department of his Museum a new and interesting collection. It consists of 900,000 figures, which are exact counterparts of the individuals composing General Greeley's famous army. A peculiarity about these effigies is that, instead of being in wax-work, they are made of straw, which is a new feature in art, and particularly appropriate to the subject now illustrated by means of it.

Non Sequitur.

It is undoubtedly true that Prince Salm Salm has been "mustered out" of the United States army, but it by no means follows that they are going to send him to Sing Sing.

OCTOBER—MARCH!

See the maple, decked in red,
Zouave-like, erect its head;
And the feathered golden-rod
Martial by the road-fence nod;
And the garget's blood-ripe stem
Crowned with purple diadem
Redden with a battle gleam
In the ripple of the stream;
While the voices of the boughs
Whisper low—"Arouse, arouse!—
Out of the wood
Ere Winter's flood
Turns earth to mud!"

In the crisp October air
Sounds a far-off mystic blare,
As of bugles deftly played
To some trooping cavalcade.
The cock-grouse to his paramour
Appeals with sonorous tambour,
And the fierce thorn-apple from its stalk
Seems ripe of bloody spurs to talk,
As from the red oak and the larch
A myriad voice cries—"Forward—March!"
The fleeting scud
O'er the sky of blood
Bodes the storm and the flood!"

PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

Such is the extraordinary skill exhibited by Cubas in her Broadsword combat at the Cremorne Gardens, that we understand she has been offered the chair of Secretary of War. The public, tired of an Old Woman in that place, will welcome to the office a Young and Pretty One.

The Philosophy of Horatio.

The ingenious *Tribune* is "just once more" abusing Gen. McClellan by terming all his friends "sycophants of the traitorous Slave Power in the loyal States, and sympathizers with the Rebels." This is particularly cool and refreshing in an open and avowed Secessionist like the Editor of the *Tribune*, who has not hesitated very recently over his own signature to advocate the right of Secession. If this kind of business is tolerated by the Republican party, with the additional burden of the "slang-whanging" *Times* upon men who are so unfortunate as to differ from the Wadsworthian political creed, we shouldn't wonder if we were to [illegible] More votes against that party in this State the coming election than Horatio ever dreamt of in his philosophy.

THE 'WHY' OF IT.

The Rebel invasion of Ohio," observed Jenks, "is probably for the purpose of obtaining its vast supplies of pork."

"If so," retorted Fitz Boozey, who chanced to be present, "this invasion explains the entire Rebellion."

"How?" queried J.

"Why, sir, it is the *pork-war* of the whole affair!"

But Jenks would never have seen the point, if our French Contributor had not dropped in, just then, and explained, that, "in French, the cause or reason of anything was familiarly called the *pourquoi* of the affair."

MOTHER GOOSE ON MILITARY CORNS.

Zacharie, Zacharie, dock
The knobs our soldiers that balk;
Dispose of their bunyons,
That crop out like onions,
Obstructing their freedom of walk.

THE BROKEN WAND.

THURLOW WEED, THE POLITICAL SORCERER OF NEW-YORK, IS THROWN OUT OF BUSINESS BY THE COLLAPSE OF HIS TALISMANIC WAND, AMID THE JEERS OF OWLY GREELEY FROM THE TREE.

A CAP FOR WHOM IT MAY FIT.

Old Gent. (*who is green about military affairs.*)—"AND THEY WANT TO RAISE ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, EH? GOOD FOR THE RUM-SHOPS, SIR, THERE'LL BE SO MANY OFFICERS LOAFING AROUND!"

Sticky.

PARAGRAPHISTS inform those whom it may concern that the old fashion of carrying gold-headed canes is on the revival among the ladies of England and France.

We have little doubt that the same fashion will shortly rage exceedingly here. Ladies must have sticks of some kind to amuse them, and as whole bundles of one kind of sticks will soon be drafted away for the war, why, they will only have to take to another.

Perhaps the fact of the stick may throw some light upon the mysterious advertisement in the *Herald* from a "lady of distinction," who wants a "Fool" to amuse her.

Translation—Free.

WE have been requested by 900,000 fair readers to give them the meaning of the words "*Non possumus*—in which is embodied the Pope's reply to the French propositions respecting Rome.

In answer to our charming correspondents, we hasten to inform them that the words in question mean, "You can't play possum with us"—by which his Eminence would be understood to mean that even supposing he were a Weasel he would always wear a Wide-awake—that being about the nearest thing to a Cardinal's hat.

A PIPE that does not seem to draw very well.

The CASSIUS M. CLAY pipe.

A Reflection from Steel.

IT has often puzzled us to know why the act of swallowing a knife or sword should be considered so creditable to the juggler by whom it is performed. We have all been more or less accustomed to swallowing old Saws from our nursery days.

THE REBEL NAVY.

THIS remarkable institution has, in the language of almost every writer on the present war, "inaugurated a new era in modern warfare." It consists, just now, of flams, rams, and d——ns, but it has contained, in its palmier days, almost everything, from *Merrimacs*, Nos. 0, 1, and 2, down to blacking-boxes filled with powder and chucked into the Mississippi, in a vague hope that they might set the river on fire.

It has been an expensive arm of the Confederate service, this navy. Ruling the waves is always a disbursive amusement; and the singular avidity with which the Rebel war-vessels sink, renders it still more so. The sailors of the South are indeed "those who go down *into* the sea in ships," rams, etc., in the most literal acceptation of the phrase. To be in the Rebel Navy must be a good deal like prosecuting the clam-fishery business at high tide. It is a sort of wrecking-speculation, without any salvage. We used to hear of Horse-Marines as the height of naval absurdity, but they are nothing to the Confederate Submarines.

How many vessels of various sorts and sizes have been lost in this moist service, no man can know. The Rebel commanders seem ashamed of their warlike places of business, and seize every opportunity to sink the shop....or the ship. The great *Merrimac* did a tough morning's work and scared us all soundly. Then she soared aloft like BRYANT'S waterfowl, aided by a few cwt. of gunpowder. The *Vicksburg* did a plucky thing in running through our Mississippi fleet; but,

"'Go down!' the sailor cried, 'go down!'"

and down she went.

The South has a weakness for plated ware, in the naval line, and thinks that weakness her strength. A horse-ferryboat with a tin-deck is considered—by HOLLINS and such—a worthy antagonist for our *Minnesota* or *Susquehannah*. DAVIS has placed his faith in railroad iron, and overloads his rafts and dug-outs to make them strong. We think that he will find these groaning Men-o'-war less efficient than some "weaker vessels."

The last scheme is the purchase of a navy from England. How many old, second-hand navies England may have for sale, we do not know. If Captain ERICSSON'S present plans are carried out, she will need a new one very soon; for all her wooden walls put together, with the great failure, known as the *Warrior*, at their head, will not last long against our sea-going *Monitors*. Perhaps she is constructing a bran-new navy, to keep pace with our improvements, and wishes to sell the hitherto invulnerable heart-of-oak "bulwarks of the nation" with the good-will of the establishment, at a reduction suited to the financial condition of Dixie.

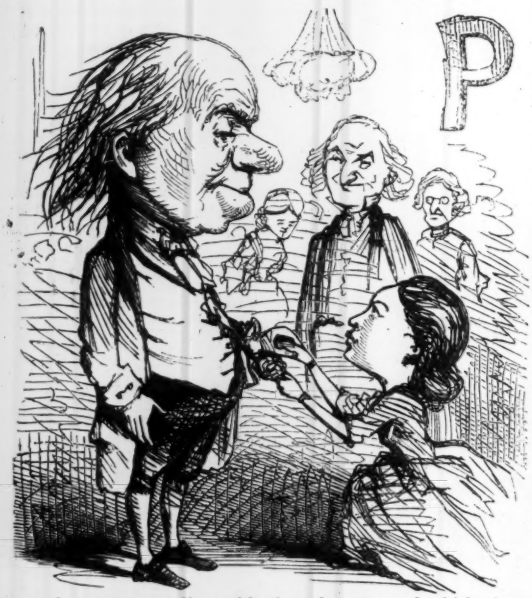
Whether HOLLINS . . . . the modest man of few words . . . . or TATNALL . . . who is said to possess the peculiarities of the PICKENS family; that of having been "born insensible to fear," etc. . . . . will command this boughten navy, is at present unknown. Probably it will be divided between them, as the shame of robbing the Treasury was divided between FLOYD and DAVIS, each taking a little more than he could carry. In that event, we will give HOLLINS a month, and TATNALL six weeks, in which to sink their flag-ships. Their subordinate officers will run aground and blow up their respective vessels at will, and the new navy will have "suffered a sea-change, into something rich and strange," within two months at farthest.

On the whole, we advise the Rebels to give up their maritime projects one and all. Let them be satisfied with the pleased astonishment brought them by their partial successes on *terra firma* awhile ago; and remember that as they cannot touch Pitch without being defiled, they need hope nothing from that still dirtier thing, the Rebel Tar.

Like cures Like.

SEVERAL of the daily papers have advocated the policy of draining off the gamblers of this city by enlistment. No doubt they would be a good riddance; but we hardly think that they would be of much service except in the case of another Indian outbreak, when it would be quite the thing to send a brigade of Blacklegs to fight the Blackfeet.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.



POSSIBLY but few of our readers have ever heard of such a branch of education as Vocal Gymnastics; and yet we can assure them that several institutions for that kind of culture are in full operation in this city and elsewhere, and that their results are already appreciable to a very considerable extent.

As pupils in the ordinary gymnasiums compete with each other in putting up sixty-pound dumb-bells, so, in the vocal gymnasiums, they are taught to lift up their voices like bells the reverse of dumb, until the growth of the demosthenic muscle puts the biceps of the mere animal athlete altogether out of gear. The German and some of the Sclavonic languages are considered the best for bringing out the vocal muscles. There is a dead weight about them that makes lung keep pace with tongue in the lifting process. They are, so to speak, the nail-kegs of the gymnasium—corresponding with those by means of which the mighty WINDSHIP tutored his tender muscles to play at cup-and-ball with a young buffalo and the smoke-funnel of a locomotive. We are told of one young lady—a pupil in a vocal gymnasium of this city—who lately lifted a stout Pole by the hair, in Hungarian, from the lamp-post at the corner of Eleventh street and Broadway to the hymeneal altar in Grace Church.

We should like, however, to see vocal grace as well as vocal muscle properly cultivated under this new system. For this purpose we insist that the Italian is the only language thoroughly adapted—a position which we are enabled to maintain from actual auricular as well as ocular demonstration. Among our most charming acquaintances we have the pleasure of numbering a family, of which every member is a vocal athlete combining elasticity with force. They lift up their voices by means of a double-hitch upon Italian. As we sit upon our window-sill in the warm moonlight, now, it is delicious to hear the matronly mother of that family singing out to her youngest daughter, a dear gymnasty little thing:

"Figlia—figlia—Olà qualcuno,
Bed-time's at hand, come in, love, do now!"

At table, the vocal exercises by which these interesting persons keep up their powers of sound are really ravishing. While doing the honors of the repast, the ringing voice of one is poured forth in a

"Bel sono beato,
Try another tomato?"

Then, toward the close of the banquet, comes the deep chest voice of the masculine parent, delivering

"Non più mesta,
No better digester
Than your Neufchatel cheese, O,
A large bit, if you please, O!"

And how full of force combined with tenderness is that aria addressed by a large brother as he drives his fraternal elbow into a small brother's ribs, with

"Com' è bello!—Quale incanto;
Look sharp, you young cuss, and pass that 'ere decanter!"

while a fast youth of fourteen summers lights his third cigar, and chimes in with shrill, fledgling falsetto, looking at his father:—

"Ben detto, filibustero!
In a Red Sea of Rhenish immerse me, like Pharaoh!"

By and by, when the system of vocal gymnastics becomes properly developed, life will have a charm which it does not now possess. Everybody will be his or her own Italian organ-grinder, (organ used here in the sense of voice.) All will be serene—even cursing and swearing, which really will be nothing when neatly wrapped up in Italian and sung to a score. Well may the paterfamilias of the interesting circle just described repeat, as he so often does:

"Il segretto per esser felice
Is to develop the muscles of speech—eh?"

ODE TO DR. ZACHARIE.

KING of Chiropodists, salaam!
Thy skill provides a sovereign balm
For every toe cornuted.
BOOTES shone bright when thou wast born
To bless a shoe-pinched world forlorn,
And tenderly of toughest horn
Relieve the tender-footed.

Our soldiers for the South *en route*
Are cursed with corns that sharply shoot
As SHARP'S sharp-shooting rifle;
And, as their way they slowly pick,
Too often, goaded to the quick,
Find words suggested by old NICK
Quite difficult to stifle.

But thou eftsoons canst pare away
Each hard excrescence, so they say,
As pears are pared, or onions.
Then, well rid of this growing ill,
Each soldier Pilgrim's Progress will
Be brisker far, o'er dale and hill,
Than CHRISTIAN'S was in BUNYAN'S.

When first thou didst arrive in town,
The gracious ABE his foot put down,
A foot of full ten inches,
And in his Roman manner said:
"ZACHARIE, old fellow, go ahead!
Let soldiers corns be re-mo-*ved*
Wherever the shoe pinches."

And now, O man of dexterous fist!
Thou'rt U. S. A. Chiropodist,
And drawest pay and ration:
Millions of toe-joints are thy care,
Oh! keep them all in good repair,
That they our gallant boys may bear
To Treason's castigation.

Noose for Somebody.

SHOULD the "proper authorities" decide upon hanging the captured chiefs of the sanguinary Sioux, may not the latter be looked upon as the victims of hasheesh?

N. B.—For the benefit of those whom it may concern, we had better mention, perhaps, that hasheesh is a preparation of *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian Hemp.

Bella Bellona!

THE *Independent* says that a "liberty bell" for the church of the freed negroes at Beaufort is about to be cast in this city. An inscription has already been decided on for this bell; but as it is neither original nor allusive in any way to the war through which the Ethiop obtained his freedom, we take leave to suggest one of our own, which embodies both of these requirements. Here you have it:

IN HOC BELLO LIBERTAS.

The Difference.

SOMEBODY writing about California says that there are rocks there 3000 feet in height, and "plumb as a die."

How different with Secession! which will be quite out of "rocks" by the time it is ripe, and ready to die as a plum.

Associations.

JOHN LOCKE tells us of a blind man who took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet.

We see that kind of thing, rather. A hoop-skirt, for instance, hanging out at a shop door, always reminds us of the Peel of a Belle.

TROOPERS A-FOOT.

ITHERTO we have been accustomed to associate the idea of cavalry, more or less, with that noble quadruped the horse. Alas! what do we know?—*que sais-je?* as the French say. Nothing. Here comes a paragraph from the Washington *Star*, stating that, owing to the depreciation of Treasury notes, horses object to being employed as chargers, so that several thousand so-called cavalry in the army are, in fact, infantry. "This hitch, from all we can learn," quoth the *Star*, "bids fair to continue to keep the cavalry dismounted, until, in the course of events, Treasury notes come again to have something of the value of gold and silver."

We do not object—not much, at least—to the expression "bids fair," in reference to the contingency of our cavalry being strictly prohibited from making an exhibition of themselves on horseback. Every regiment of *mounted* cavalry hitherto seen passing through this city *en route* for the war, appeared to us to have been brought up with great care at the feet of Mr. WILLIAM BUTTON, whose feats in the Olympic arena form one of the sweet traditions of our apple-blossom days. "To be Riding-Master-General to the army, BILLY BUTTON," would be no startling item in any fresh order from the War Department. The tailor—B. B. was a tailor, you remember—would cut out most of our cavalry as a horseman, could teach them how not to do a good many things provocative of the derisive horse-laugh at present, and might, altogether, be a very eligible riding-master to the army, with the motto *Sartor reseat us* emblazoned over the portals of his horse-pital for imbecile equestrians. He "bids fair," then, who bids such cavaliers avoid the horse.

If we cannot have our horse-soldiers anything other than foot-soldiers "until, in the course of events, Treasury notes come again to have something of the value of gold and silver," perhaps it might be as well for the War authorities to drop further equivocation, and come a foot nearer to the truth by ceasing to draw impossible centaurs upon the illuminated transparencies hoisted by them for the public gape. You are too much advanced in years, Mr. STANTON, and far too stout, to perform featly the curvets exhibited by limber children who canter their grandpapa's canes up and down the gravel-walks with a—"What fine riders are we!" Don't do it.

But if you insist that cavalry are necessary to success in this particular war—and, lud-a-mussy! as the old ladies say, ain't they?—why then put horses that are horses under men who are aware of the separate responsibilities of the equine head and tail, and let 'em go about their business, bless you!

MR. TRAIN AT HOME.

POOR Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN had a very sad experience of the proverbial ingratitude of republics—or, rather, of rabid Republicans—at that Faneuil Hall meeting, the other night, when he was welcomed to his native city, as he himself tells us, by the hair of his head. It was rash of Mr. TRAIN, considering that he *has* hair upon his head, to look for a hearing at a meeting of wild, boomeranging abolitionists. Had he been gifted by nature with wool instead, the courtesy usually accorded by the rabid abolitionist to the fragrant Ethiop would doubtless have been extended to him. He could not, then, have been held at arm's-length over the staircase by the ruffians who assailed him, because wool, like life, is short, affording no grip. He could not have had his eyes blackened by the gory boomerangers, because black does not show upon black. Better for Mr. TRAIN, therefore, that he had been born a fragrant Ethiop. Better for all of us had we been gifted with the peculiarities of that be-worshipped race. Even as it is, the fine low-comedy talents possessed by Mr. TRAIN would, in combination with burnt cork, ensure him a great success upon the minstrel boards. But let him look out for squalls if he sings other than real firebrand, boomerang, abolition songs. Let him comport himself in the festive "break-down" as though he took in an abolition paper. Let him go into training upon a diet of "hog and hominy," in order to acquire the unctuous accent of the favored race. When Mr. TRAIN has done all this, and given up his absurd fanatical idea that the white man is as good as the black, he may make a very good living by starting in life as a barber, a white-washer, or a carpet-shaker—three occupations in which the fragrant Ethiop greatly excels.

THE SONG OF THE ELEVENTH-HOUR PATRIOT.

I.

I HEAR my Country call me, in this her hour of need;
I am awfully patriotic; I am made of fighting stuff;
I am most tremendously anxious on the battle-field to bleed;
I shall certainly go for a soldier—when the Bounty is high enough.

II.

Conscription? faugh! 'tis disgraceful! and those who are drafted, too,
Will find that their share of the conflict is more than average rough;
Let *me* rush forth, then, willingly, to do what a man can do,
And brave the storm as a Volunteer—when the Bounty is high enough.

III.

I laugh at your claimed Exemption; I am able-bodied and brave;
A regiment of such fellows, all hale and hearty and tough,
Might do a vast deal, surely, their trembling cause to save,
And I? I shall be among them—when the Bounty is high enough.

IV.

Then lead me forth to battle! I long for the deathless fame
That clings to the names of heroes, the names that the papers puff;
I long for the smoke and carnage, the test of iron and flame,
And am willing to brave the danger—when the Bounty is high enough.

V.

No officer's gaudy trappings, no epaulet-straps for me;
I leave all that to the gentry, with money in *quantum suff.*;
I want to enlist as a private—they get the Bounty, you see—
For I burn but to save my Country—when the Bounty is high enough.

VI.

I am not a man to parley, a soldierly fellow am I;
Honest and true and simple; in manners a trifle bluff;
Straight to come to my meaning, and only too happy to die,
If such an emergency arises—when the Bounty is high enough.

VII.

There are thousands exactly like me, who in this hour of need,
Will let Columbia languish, half-mired in Despond's slough;
Who will see their Mother stricken, and smile while her deep wounds bleed,
Waiting, to give her succor, till the Bounty is high enough!

A SWAMP WEED.

AMONG the New-Yorkers holding command in the Confederate army, we find the name of Colonel MORGAN L. SMITH, formerly, according to the daily papers, "engaged in the leather business in the Swamp of this city."

Perhaps it was in view of the "Swamp of this city" that this bold tanner transferred his affections to the South. The Swamp of this city—which isn't swamped yet, however, by a good deal—would have enabled many a defaulter to repudiate to the last blue postage-stamp; skivers and roans! what a pity for some folks that the Swamp of this city didn't take place.

It was natural, if not necessary, for the bold tanner to go into the Hiding business, but we strongly suspect that his Bark is worse than his bite.

The Man for Jack Ketch.

As there seems to be some difficulty in Mr. CASSIUS MICAWBER CLAY finding a position suitable to his eminent and versatile abilities, V. F. begs leave to suggest, that, in view of his late sanguinary denunciation of HORATIO SEYMOUR and FERNANDO WOOD, upon the organization of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he be appointed its JACK KETCH. A man who talks so volubly about hanging citizens of this State for a difference of political opinion, would no doubt embrace such a situation with alacrity. So all hail, CASSIUS MICAWBER, who shall be JACK KETCH hereafter!